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AN

ELEGY,

From the Mercers, Lacemen, Milliners, Weavers *and* Wyerdrawers, *upon the Death of the late King* WILLIAM *of ever bleſſed Memory: As likewiſe an humble Addreſs, to Her preſent Moſt Sacred Majeſty Queen* ANN; *by the ſame Trandeſmen of the City of* London.

19. March. 170½:

ALL Pious, Loyal Souls, Who love the Truth,
Mourn! Mourn, ye Aged; and ye blooming Youth!
With grief of Heart a doleful Tale I bring;
Pale Death has Smote your mighty Thoughtful King.
He! Who in Armies Walk'd, as in a Shade,
Is now o're-come, by th' fatal Scythe and Spade.
Bullets and Swords, had ne'er Commiſſion given
To cut this Thread, and ſend HIS Soul to Heaven:
Nor could the baſe Contrivances of Hell,
Which the Grand Tyrant us'd, this Monarch fell:
For all his low Attempts were ſtill in vain,
GOD Guarding *WILLIAM* with a mighty Train
Of Holy Spirits; whoſe vaſt Pow'r was ſuch,
That this Uſurper, never durſt HIM touch.
And now, ye reſtleſs Tribe o' th' Tripple Crown;
In ſhame of Conſcience lay your Malice down:
You ſee how Providence has blaſted all
Your bold Attempts, by HIS Unhappy Fall.
Unhappy Fall to us! Who ſtill remain;
But yet we hope our Loſs is HIS Great Gain.
For now he's plac'd in Regions vaſtly high,
Where Virtuous Kings are gather'd when they Die.
Go then, ye ſneaking Animals, go ſee
A Royal Woman Crown'd with Dignity!
Who 'as told your Maſter, She 'll preſerve that Cauſe
Which the Deceaſed Hero did ſecure by Laws;
And Shield all her Allies from the fell Dragon's Claws.

The Addreſs to Her Majeſty.

ALL hail, Great LADY; *may Your happy Reign*
With Glories ſhine, our ſinking Arts maintain;
Let all th' Angellick Choir, Your Fame reſound
That Sacred Minute, when Your Head is Crown'd;
Whilſt we Your Loyal Subjects, Suffer e'en
Reduc'd t' extremity; Yet always ſeen,
And heard to Pray, good GOD Protect the QUEEN.
And now Dread MADAM *know; without Your Care,*
We're quite neglected: Mournings cauſe Deſpair;
But queſtionleſs, Your Royal Princely Breaſt,
Like Providence, will not forget the leaſt:
For thouſands now will pinch with Jaws of Want,
Unleſs You do us help; which pray God grant.

Regina diu ſuper terram vivat, & in morte Coronam Gloriæ recipiat.

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